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"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

BUCK

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THE SLUSH WILL HAVE TO STAY.

BUCKNER:—"Not just now—I'll see you later!"

PUCK.

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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF - - JOS. KEPPLER
BUSINESS-MANAGER - - - A. SCHWARZMANN
EDITOR - - - H. C. BUNNER

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

"Chet" will be the death of the Honorable Chester A. Arthur, if he doesn't take care. Mr. Arthur has made a good President, he has gained the confidence of the people, and he might very well continue to be a popular tenant of the White House for another four years, if it were not for the unfortunate "Chetness" of his past, so to put it. It is the atmosphere of Steve French and Jake Hess and Barney Biglin about Mr. Arthur's earlier days that rises like a malarious ghost, coming between him and the public, shrouding him in unwholesome mist, and dimming all the glories of his peaceful and pleasant administration. It must be a painful reflection to Mr. Arthur—it will be a painful reflection to him somewhere about next June—that it was nothing but his too liberal taste in the selection of his associates that ever put the public out of conceit with him.

* * *

However, with all his "Chet," we love him still. He has made a good President, so far, and there is no reason why he should not make a good candidate for re-election in 1884, if he can only make the public believe that he has left behind him the pot-house politicians and ward-workers who surrounded him a few years ago. This is going to be a hard campaign for the Republican party, and they will need a strong man. If the Democrats have the sense to make a bold fight for Tariff Reform, the atmosphere is likely to be alarmingly chill for their opponents. And it looks as though the Democrats were beginning to have some faint idea of what they ought to do. And as matters stand, Mr. Speaker Carlisle has done more by his tact, honesty, fairness and good sense to help his party, and to increase the difficulties of the Republicans, than all the howling Sam-coxes and Finnerties can undo between this and election-time.

HANGING UP THE NEW-STYLE POLICE CALENDAR.



The Police Commissioners deserve credit for their determined efforts to weed out drunken and ruffianly officers from the force.—*Daily Paper*.

We have been a long time waiting for it, but it has come at last. The discussion of the question has been precipitated by the election of Mr. Speaker Carlisle. Is the future commercial policy of this country to be based on Free Trade or Protection? Protection has had a pretty long inning, and it is about time that Free Trade had a show. It must have it—it will have it; because Free Trade is the natural system of a free people. There are no arguments in favor of Protection in a country such as this is at the present time. Neither are there any arguments for or against Free Trade, for the necessity of Free Trade is self-evident.

* * *

We do not wish to go over the old ground of this Protection and Free Trade question. There is an interested point of view from both sides. Those manufacturers who have been supported by the people, and force upon consumers indifferent articles at exorbitant prices, set up a chorus of howls, and say: "If you take away our Protection you take away the means by which we live." The rabid Free Trader, on the other hand, says: "What is it to me? I am a producer. I want to do as I like with my own money, and to buy in any market that suits me, at the lowest price." Now, no sensible man wants sudden Free Trade. He does not wish to hurt or ruin anybody. Small reductions can be made by degrees—so long as the principle is acknowledged. Surely there should be some consideration for the workman, who, although he may not be aware of it, is nevertheless bound

hand and foot, and is of necessity the abject slave of the Protectionist.

* * *

Mr. Buckner is chairman of the Coinage Committee, and the Coinage Committee is supposed to be organized with a view of lessening the flood of silver that threatens to conceal the surface of the country just as did the recent heavy falls of snow. And yet Mr. Buckner is a queer kind of man to be placed in such a position, for, according to some of his public utterances, he likes silver so much that he would not object to have the streets paved with it, and all the gold in the world returned to the earth whence it came.

"GO CULL the stars from out the skies,"
A gentle poet said.

PUCK hears him, and away he flies
Through space, heels over head.

He takes the window on his crown,
While he is flying up;
But soon those stars he fetches down,
All in a golden cup,

And says: "These lovely gems I shall
Upon the public pour—
I'll put them in my ANNUAL
For 1884!"

Which he did, and that hilarious volume will be out on the 15th, and the price will be the same as last year, 25 cents, of all news-dealers.

QUEER CHRISTIANITY.

The managers of the Art Loan Exhibition decided to let the people see it on Sunday, as well as on week-days. The Art Loan Exhibition, although far from reaching the ideal of a perfect show of bric-à-brac and works of art, is such a treat as has rarely been given to the public of this city. The people were glad of the chance offered them, and some 3,500 filled the Academy of Design on the first Sunday.

Forty-seven rich New Yorkers formally protested against their having this pleasure.

Of these forty-seven there were doubtless some who honestly and conscientiously believed that they were doing the right thing, and without the slightest desire of shutting out their fellow-citizens from an innocent enjoyment, or of advertising their own superior piety.

But to look at certain other names on that list is enough to turn the Spirit of Common Sense sick at her honest stomach.

Here are the names of Wall Street gamblers, idlers, men who trade on their religion, men known throughout the town as hypocrites and social shams. The Average Citizen is invited to sit at the feet of these men and learn morality.

Now we, as average citizens, object to sitting at the feet of the best of these forty-seven to learn morality or anything else.

Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, by what right do you and your colleagues undertake to dictate to your fellow-men in matters of the conscience? You are a rich man. Are you anything else? Did you make your wealth by honest labor? Or was it accumulated in Wall Street, by stock-gambling? Are your hands clean enough to handle the stone you are casting at the poor shop-girl who wants to see the curiosities at the Loan Exhibition? If they are, you are a mortal much nearer perfect than any we have yet met.

Mr. Morris K. Jesup, you were, a little while ago, the host of Mr. Jay Gould. You knew Mr. Gould's reputation, and how he made his money. Yet you took him into your home; you did him honor before all the world. If the doors of your house swing so loosely, why should the doors of the Academy of Design be closed when good, hard-working folk want to see things that will please their eyes and educate their taste?

Gentlemen, you are all wrong, and Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith is right. Granted that you are all influenced by unselfish motives in signing your mediæval "protest"—and we don't believe that all of you are—your act is one of strange fatuity. Besides, it is essentially un-

Christian, although done in the name of Christianity. The petty piety that makes a misconstrued Scripture text an excuse for depriving thousands of innocent and elevating amusement, the petty piety that has no excuse for its bigoted selfishness save such paltering twaddle as was talked by those of you whom the *Sur* interviewed last week—this sort of thing reflects no credit on you, no credit on your religion.

You say—it seems to be all that you have to say for yourselves—that you are afraid this liberal action on the part of the Loan Exhibition managers "will be the entering wedge for the introduction of a Parisian Sunday." When the Master whom you are so anxious to serve—in the newspapers—plucked the corn one Sabbath long since past, He was not afraid that what He did was an "entering wedge" for any infraction of man's sacred right to rest one day out of seven. And, if you will remember, He rebuked those whose over-tender consciences were suddenly troubled on that occasion.

No, gentlemen, you have made a great mistake. You are men whose commanding position before the people gives you a great responsibility as well as many privileges. Your opinions are of weight; your example is of importance. And if your deeds and your words are such as to lead the public to associate the religion you profess with all that is mean and small and narrow-minded and cruel; if you make your faith appear to be the natural enemy of all that is generous, sweet and pleasant, the enemy of liberality, education and wholesome pleasure—why, gentlemen, you are doing a very bad thing for Christianity and for yourselves.

A PAIR OF CUFFS—Two Mokes.

A SPRING POET—The Bluebird.

THE KING OF THE TURF—The Landlord.

WELL, HOW does the swear-off agree with you?

SHE PRESSED her hand on her hair,
And her cheek as red as a rose,
And drew it over her forehead fair,
And toyed with her Grecian nose.
And no smile on sunny wing
Its flight o'er her features took,
Because on her dazzling engagement-ring
Her sisters wouldn't look.

A POET'S AFTER-THOUGHT.—There I went and gave eight dollars for these trousers. Why didn't I get a five-dollar pair, and have three dollars left for a dinner?

PRESENCE OF MIND.



Putterings.

SOME vicious individual says that Cesnola has no more legs to stand on than one of his statues.

MR. F. HOPKINSON SMITH's pluck, in re Loan Exhibition, has shed a glory on the name of Smith that slops over on the Hopkinson and even spreads its reflected lustre to the F.

IN *Punch's Almanac* we learn that a venison dinner can never be cheap, because it is dear at any price. It would be impossible for an editor to print such an antique joke as this and live, except in a country that is always at war, and consequently too much engaged to pay any attention to such an atrocity.

THE BOY who refuses to go to school, for fear he may get his feet wet and catch cold, thinks the world has no sunshine for him ten minutes later, when his father goes out and picks him up by the ear and hauls him into the house, and tells him he will break his neck if he again captures him building a snow-man out in the slush.

IT IS pleasant just now to see a woman show a man how snow should be shoveled. She puts a shawl about the size of a napkin on her head, takes a little fire-shovel, opens the door, closes her eyes, throws about three shovelfuls off the stoop, rushes back in the kitchen, stamps the snow off her feet, and declares that men never know how to do anything, anyhow, and that if it were not for the women everything would go to the dogs.

IT MAKES the average bachelor mad to receive from a young lady a beautiful pair of cardinal slippers, with gold daisies worked all over them, and find that they are not made up, but that he must have soles put on them himself. And it would make the young lady pretty near crazy if she could see that bachelor using those uppers, which she made him at considerable cost and a great sacrifice of time, for lifting hot things with and for wiping pens on.

THE BITTER winds of winter
Are howling o'er the earth,
The snow slides from the roof-top,
Destroys the walker's mirth.
And when the days are coldest,
At night doth man commence
To wander out on tip-toe
And steal his neighbor's fence.
And he takes it in his cellar,
And then with all his strength
He chops it up—he chops it up
Into the proper length
To fit his kitchen-stove.
In the morn his neighbor looks around
And murmurs: "Well, by Jove!"

WE ARE always hearing wild stories of the impoverished condition of poets, such, for instance, as:

William Wicklow Smugkin is in an alms-house in Illinois.

Smith, the poet, who wrote "Fusel Peter," is now tending bar on a Keyport steamboat.

Rollins, who, most people will be surprised to learn, wrote "The Bloodshot Pastorals," is now obliged to give lessons on the banjo for bread.

We believe that others besides poets are impoverished, and we think it would be as interesting to the public to know that Jones, the glass merchant, has failed, and is living on his mother-in-law; and that Miggs, the once famous banker, is now on the police force; and that Blodgett, who formerly was the fashionable jeweler, is now opening oysters in a Baltimore dime-restaurant.

WEATHER SIGNS.

Our greatly E. C. the *Sun* recently printed a very interesting collection of Russian weather signs, intended for the benefit of General Hazen and the Signal Service Bureau. This collection, we understand, was sent over by a Russian who is said to be an enthusiastic admirer of General Hazen.

In order to ascertain the authenticity of these signs, we called our porter into the office and discoursed him. It may not be out of place to state, parenthetically, as it were, that our Head Porter, who is also known by the sub-title of Custodian of the Coal-Key and Treasurer of the Cat-Meat Fund, is a Russian, and was formerly a moujik.

He said the *Sun's* signs were correct in the main, and went on to state that he came to this country originally to gain fame and fortune as a moujik, by predicting meteorological events according to Russian law, and thus destroy the reputation of all prominent American weather-prophets.

But weather-propheting he found a very precarious method of making money, and he gave it up to accept a position in a Russian-bath establishment. But all the time he kept studying the weather, and said he would like to have us print a few of his signs.

The old moujik then threw the feather duster on a desk, took a well-thumbed book from his inside pocket, and read with great enthusiasm:

"If the fuel gives out, there will be a cold snap.

If your rubber overcoat is stolen, look out for rain.

If you don't get your wife the bonnet she wants, there will be a cyclone.

If hens are seen swimming with the ducks, there will be a prolonged dryspell.

If you buy a hat that happens to be a size too small for you, there will be windy weather.

If you leave your umbrella at home when you start in the morning, it will rain before night.

If a young man is engaged to be married, and is financially embarrassed, there will be good sleighing.

If your wife finds on your sleeve a hair that doesn't match her own, it will be very stormy, with a little thunder and lightning.

If a young lady eats four plates of ice-cream on a cold night after the opera, it's a sign that it is a cold day for the young man.

If you wear a seal-skin overcoat, the weather will be very warm; but if you wear summer clothes, it will be very raw and windy.

If the house-dog runs around after his tail, and doesn't catch it until he has run half-a-mile, the weather will be moist and foggy.

If plumbers circle around in active swarms or flocks, you may be pretty sure that there is going to be a hard, solid freeze very soon.

If the winter is warm, ice will be expensive next summer. If the winter is the

coldest on record, ice will be just as expensive next summer.

If the clerk is in a great hurry to reach the office at eight o'clock in the morning to escape a lecture from his employer, the river will be blocked with fields of ice.

If geese don't make any noise when their feathers are being pulled out, and sheep don't make a fuss about being washed, there is going to be some red-hot weather.

If you neglect to put on your arctics when you leave your home for business, it will be safe to expect a thaw before noon, and sloppy, muddy sidewalks in a few hours.

If you invite a young lady to go to the theatre when you haven't the money in your pocket to hire a carriage to take her home in, an unheard of storm will start up during the second act and be raging when you come out."

The old Russian moujik paused, and his heart was filled with joy a minute later, when the editor took his copy for publication, and gave him fifty candles for it, that he might have a grand Russian banquet.

A PORT-HOLE—Any Wine-Cellar.

NOTHING TO SPEAK OF—Your Debts.

A GLIMPSE AHEAD.

The acrobatic achievements of our E. but Fatigued C., the *Evening Post*, in reporting the Feuardent-Cesnola trial, have attracted general attention. Everybody has read, with bated breath and erected hair, the famous account, printed during the late compositors' strike, of the examination of General Tesurle by Mr. Bango. And probably everybody will be interested in knowing just how the *Post* will report the trial a year or so hence, while Cesnola is still on the stand. So we give a faint suggestion of the style:

"Mr. Bango.—Did you 'restore' statue number 973,821?"

Gin. Tesurle.—No. I put an arm on that I found somewhere, and I built up the head a little, and I ran a rivet through the torso; but that's all.

Mr. Bango.—Is statue 333,333 a collection of unrelated parts?

Gin. Tesurle.—The left big toe is homogeneous.

Mr. Bango.—How about statue No. 4,114,440?

Gin. Tesurle.—Barring a leg or two, and maybe some feet and a head, it is just as I found it.

Mr. Bango.—What do you call restoration, anyway?

The irrelevancy of this question so disgusted Mr. Choate that he arose and left the court-room."

FREE LUNCH.

THE MARRIAGE QUESTION—Will You Be My Wife?

A PRONOUNCED FAILURE—The Average Town on the Map of Russia.

THE WORST of an epitaph is that, as a general thing, it is altogether too epitaffy.

THE HORSE-SHOE is only a symbol of good luck when it is on the winning horse.

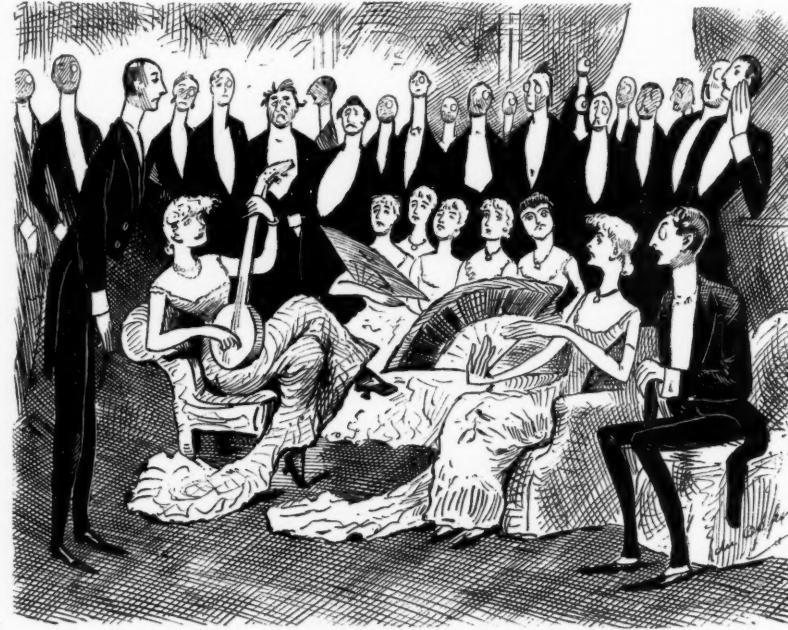
THE OTHER evening, while the diners were talking on the subject of surf bathing, a lady electrified every one by stating that she could never swim in the surf because she could never keep her mouth closed.

WHEN A MAN enters a sample-room and sees a person there with whom he has sworn off, the man inside says he entered to warm his hands, while the other says he just dropped in to ascertain the time of day.

A MAN who recently read in a paper, "Fifteen stop organs for \$39.50," sent on that amount, and when he received an organ in return, he indignantly wrote back to the manufacturer regarding the fourteen that had not come to hand.

PUCK PROVIDES A "PUNCH" PICTURE.

[Genuine Patent Reversible Generally Applicable Du Maurier Style.]



PRAIRIE POLITENESS.

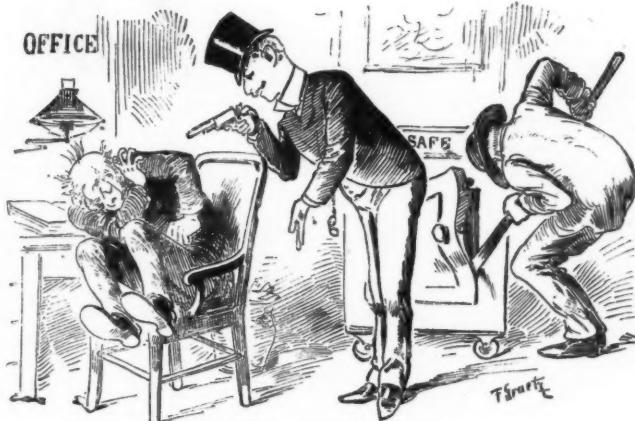
MRS. SHODDERY DE PRINTEMPS SLOCUM MULCAHY, THE WIFE OF A SUCCESSFUL PORK-PACKER OF CINCINNATI, HAVING TAKEN UP HER RESIDENCE IN LONDON, NOW MOVES IN THE HIGHEST CIRCLES IN BELGRAVIA, AND INVITES HER COUNTRYWOMAN, MISS LULU STEVEDORE SMITH, THE VARIETY-ACTRESS OF THE POLLOI THEATRE, BOWERY, FORMERLY OF KEOKUK, TO A MUSICALE. MISS LULU STEVEDORE SMITH, WHO IS ON A PROFESSIONAL TOUR, AND HAS BEEN MUCH ADMIRED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES, PERFORMS A SOLO WITH VARIATIONS ON THE BANJO OF THE AIR: "I NEVER DRINK BEHIND THE BAR," TO THE INTENSE SURPRISE AND DELIGHT OF THE DUKE OF LIMBURGER, THREE DUCHESSES, TWO KINGS, THREE QUEENS, AN ODD EMPEROR OR SO. THE EARL OF FARO IS DUMBFOUNDED WITH RAPTURE, WHILE THE ARCHBISHOP OF 'IGH 'OBURN RESIGNS HIS HOLY OFFICE ON THE SPOT. THE ACME OF SATISFACTION IS REACHED WHEN MISS LULU STEVEDORE SMITH, IN THE MIDST OF THE PERFORMANCE, REMARKS, WITH TOUCHING AMERICAN CHIC AND NAIVETE:

"WELL, I GUESS SOME OF YOU HIGH-TONED SNOOZERS AND GENTS HAD BETTER RUSTLE AROUND AND CORRAL SOME VANILLA CREAM FOR THIS CHILD, FOR I FEEL ABOUT AS DRY AS OLD KINDLING-WOOD, AND ONE OF YOU COUNTESSES OR EARLESSSES MIGHT GET ME A COCKTAIL. MAKE IT OF BOURBON—NOT TOO LIGHT—AND JUST HURRY UP, OR THERE'LL BE TROUBLE."

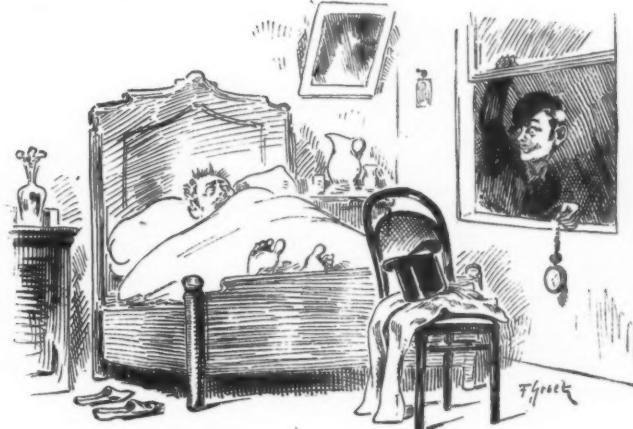
Mrs. Shoddery de Printemps Slocum Mulcahy mentally resolves not to ask Miss Lulu Stevedore Smith again to her Belgravia mansion.

IN THIS STYLE, 25 CTS. A REDUCTION ON TAKING A QUANTITY.

OUR BURGLARS.



"Keep your seat, old party; don't rise on our account."



"Shall I shut down the window after me, or do you prefer air to revive you?"



ANAXIMANDER:—"What did you kill him for, Adolphus?"
ADOLPHUS:—"So he wouldn't see me grab his ducats—a man hates to see his money pass into other hands, you know."



"If you are nervous, madam, we can recommend with confidence our 'Nervine.'"

THE HONORABLE EPHRAIM MUGGINS.

HE ASTONISHES THE WORLD WITH HIS ASTOUNDING SCHEME FOR MANUFACTURING EGGS.

"Are you the inventor of the egg-manufacturing racket?" asked a Wall Street capitalist the other day.

"I am the man," I modestly replied.
"I understand it is a grand success," said he.
"You understand quite right," said I.
"Have you begun to manufacture them yet?"
"Oh, yes," said I: "we have got our factory started."

"And you are actually making eggs?"
"Eggsactly!" said I.
"Well," said he: "that is eggstraordinary!"

I want to invest a couple of millions in the—"A couple of—"

"Millions—yes, I said millions—"
"Of dollars?"

"Precisely—of dollars. You see I am a Wall Street operator, and I frequently make five or six millions a day like that, (turning over his hand,) and I always put any surplusage I may have over night in any worthy American enterprise that I may happen to hear of—"

"Ah!"
"Ya-as, and so I thought, don't you see, I'd come and see you about the matter—"

"Certainly."
"And put a couple of millions or so where it will do the most good—"

"Yes."
"And bring me the largest dividends."
"Oh, yes—the dividends," said I: "will be immense."

"You are quite sure of that?" he asked.
"So sure that I would be willing to stake my

reputation, which is worth over fifty dollars in cash."

"Well, then, it's a bargain, and I am ready to go into it at once."

"Have you the money with you?" I asked, a little timidly.

"Oh, yes," said he: "I always carry six or seven millions in my trousers-pockets for odd change, you know. Let me have a pen, and I will give you my check."

I gave him the pen, and he drew his check like a Vanderbilt, and slashed his signature athwart the bottom with a sweep of the hand that suggested Baron Rothschild, or some other high-mettled scooper-in of ducats.

"There you are," said he: "and now I will thank you for my certificate—two hundred shares at ten thousand dollars a share."

I filled out the certificate, and, not to be outdone in the slashing business, I spread my sig over the lower margin of the certificate, as president of the Egg Manufacturing Association, with a grace and boldness that would have made old John Hancock smile if he were alive.

I handed him the stock and pocketed the two million check, thinking to myself that now I should have a good dinner at Delmonico's, at any rate.

It is not the most pleasant condition of things in the world to be hard up and have nothing to eat for a week.

I wasn't quite reduced to the verge of starvation, for I had a V in my pocket, with which I intended to buy Mrs. M. a New Year's pres-

ent. But I didn't have it long, for just as my Wall Street investor was going out of the door, he turned back and said:

"Oh, by-the-way—I am going over to New Jersey—Hoboken, I think the name of the place is—and I forgot to put any loose change in my pocket when I changed my clothes just before leaving the house, and if you could let me have five dollars or so to pay the ferry, I will let you deduct it from my first dividend."

Of course I let him have it.

The next day the check for two million came back to me from the bank marked "NOT GOOD—NO FUNDS!"

That made me feel suddenly sick.

I don't think he is much ahead, however, for I charged up the five dollars to the company on account of "dividends advanced."

In the meantime the egg business is booming all the same. What we really need now is a subsidy from Congress.

Let the noble Members of Congress vote the U. S. Incorporated Egg Manufacturing Association a handsome subsidy of seven or eight million out of the surplus in the Treasury, and then we will all be gay and happy.

I wouldn't harm a hair of any bald-headed fellow-creature, but I do think that if that Wall Street speculator should come around again, I would try to induce him to eat one or two of our U. S. Egg Manufacturing Co.'s eggs.

And then I imagine he wouldn't be so frisky any more. Yours eggsasperately,
EPHRAIM MUGGINS.

WOODTICK WILLIAM'S STORY.



effete East with conscientious scruples and a hectic flush. Both of these was agin him for a promoter of school discipline and square root. He had a heap of information and big sorrowful eyes.

"So fur as I was concerned, I didn't feel like swearing around George or using any language that would sound irrelevant in a ladies' boodore; but as for the kids of the school, they didn't care a blamed cent. They just hollered and whooped like a passle of Sioux.

"They didn't seem to respect literary attainments or expensive knowledge. They just simply seemed to respect the genius that come to that country to win their young love with a long-handle shovel and a blood-shot tone of voice. That's what seemed to catch the Calaveras kids in the early days.

"George had weak lungs, and they kept to work at him till they drove him into a mountain fever, and finally into a metallic sarcophagus.

"Along about the holidays the sun went down on George W. Mulqueen's life just as the eternal sunlight lit up the dewy eyes. You will pardon my manner, Nye, but it seemed to me just as if George had climbed up to the top of Mount Cavalry, or wherever it was, with that whole school on his back, and had to give up at last.

"It seemed kind of tough to me, and I couldn't help blamin' it onto the school some, for there was a half-a-dozen big snoozers that did n't go to school to learn, but just to raise Ned and turn up Jack.

"Well, they killed him, anyhow, and that settled it.

* * *
"The school run kind of wild till Feboowary, and then a husky young

E HAD about as ornery and triflin' a crop of kids in Calaveras County thirty years ago as you could gather in with a fine-tooth comb and a brass band in fourteen States. For ways that was kittensome they was moderately active and abnormally protuberant. That was the prevailing style of Calaveras kid, when Mr. George W. Mulqueen come there and wanted to engage the school at the old camp, where I hung up in the days when the country was new and the murmur of the six-shooter was heard in the land.

"George W. Mulqueen was a slender young party from the

tenderfoot, with a fist like a mule's foot in full bloom, made an application for the place, and allowed he thought he could maintain discipline if they'd give him a chance. Well, they ast him when he wanted to take his place as tutor, and he reckoned he could begin to tute about Monday follering.

"Sunday afternoon he went up to the school-house to look over the ground, and to arrange a plan for an active Injin campaign agin the hostile hoodlums of Calaveras.

"Monday he sailed in about nine A. M. with his grip-sack, and begun the discharge of his juties.

"He brought in a bunch of mountain-willers, and, after driving a big railroad-spike into the door-casing over the latch, he said the Senate and House would sit with closed doors during the morning session. Several large, white-eyed holy terrors gazed at him in a kind of dumb, inquiring tone of voice; but he didn't say much. He seemed considerably reserved as to the plan of the campaign. The new teacher then unlocked his alligator-skin grip, and took out a Bible and a new self-cocking weapon that had an automatic dingus for throwing out the empty shells. It was one of the bull-dog variety, and had the laugh of a joyous child.

"He read a short passage from the Scriptures, and then pulled off his coat and hung it on a nail. Then he made a few extemporaneous remarks, after which he salivated the palm of his right hand, took the self-cocking songster in his left, and proceeded to wear out the gads over the various protuberances of his pupils.

"People passing by thought they must be beating carpets in the school-house. He pointed the gun at his charge with his left and manipulated the gad with his right duke. One large, overgrown Missourian tried to crawl out of the winder, but after he had looked down the barrel of the shooter a moment he changed his mind. He seemed to realize that it would be a violation of the rules of the school, so he came back and sat down.

"After he wore out the foliage, Bill, he pulled the spike out of that door, put on his coat and went away. He never was seen there again. He didn't ask for any salary, but just walked off quietly, and that summer we accidentally heard that he was George W. Mulqueen's brother."

BILL NYE.



THE WAITER IN JAN.

The waiter 's not as polite
As he was two weeks ago;
He 'll give you meat that is cold,
And answer you "Yes" and "No."

He won't help you on with your coat,
Or hand you down your hat,
Or say, "Is the beef-steak tender enough?"
Or talk about this and that.

He 'll brush the table-crumbs
On your lap with a movement gay,
And pour all over the table-cloth
Your soul-warming Beaujolais.

He 'll give you the toughest cuts,
Likewise the boniest fish,
And in a manner airy hurl
The check upon your dish.

As he 's got his Holiday Tip,
He 's to your comfort blind,
And not till Fall will he cast on you
The smile that is good and kind.

Oh, could I have my way,
The waiter would shortly be
With a cannon-ball around his neck
Far down in the deep Dead Sea.

R. K. M.

EVERY ONE denounces the Prince of Wales as a man who amounts to nothing. As it is a well-known fact that about nine princes and nobles out of every ten make excellent waiters, we think the Prince of Wales ought to be spared until tested in this capacity.

SHAKSPERE SPOKE of music being the food of love. That may have been the style when William was yanking Anne Hathaway to the circus; but in these days it is different, as any young man will tell you who is engaged to be married, and breaking his back to earn sufficient money to keep his enslaver supplied with caramels and French mixed candy.

THE WM. AND THE TILE.

I.
A goat stood by the orchard wall—

A goat serene and fat;
He spied a little distance off
On the ground a white felt hat,
And in a jiffy swallowed it whole,
And his heart went pit-a-pat.

II.
Then joyfully on his hinder limbs
He assumed a butiful pose,
Then stood in a gentle reverie,
Like a bard in a poppied doze,
And wriggled his tail and blinked his eyes
And twisted his purple nose.

III.
"Oh, I can the boot and the oyster-can
And the old hoop-skirt digest!"
Just then he jumped ten feet off the ground,
With a motion of vague unrest—
He suddenly learned that that white felt hat
Was a raging hornet's nest." R. K. M.

FITZNOODLE AT HOME.

A NEW YEAR'S LETTER FROM HIM.

Grosvenor Square, London, W. }
December 14th, 1883.



Amercian mannahs and customs, and the events which have twanspired durwing my wesidence there.

We had a tolerwably agweable voyage, and the Captain and officers of the vessel were extwemely polite. The Captain asked me if the attendance, *et ceterwa*, gave me satisfaction. I weplied that everwything met with the appwoval of Mrs. Fitznoodle and myself, wherewupon he venchahed to expwess the hope that I would be gwaciously pleased to wecommend his line to any of my fwends who might be ponderwing on the advisability of cwossing the Atlantic, with a view of inspecting the Amercian Wepublic. I said I should pwobably do something of the sort when the opportunity pwersented itself.

Amercian is all verwy well, ye know; but aw, 'pon my soul, it weally won't do, aftah England. Howevah, I do not think that my wesidence there has been pwoductive of any considerwable degwee of harm or deterwiorwation in my charwactah. On the contrarwy, Mrs. Fitznoodle believes that I have much impwoved by contact with what she aw chaffs me faw calling "cwude society." I had bettah wefer to my b-b-boy befaw I mention any othah mattahs that are likely to pwove of interwest.

He is the herwo of the aw hour. The little beggah is made so much of that I begin to fe-ah that he will be spoiled irwetwievably. He has spent severw days with the Queen at Balmorwal. Her Majesty is not particuwhahly fond of childwen, which makes her wegard faw the youngstah all the maw weemarkable. Then, the attention of the Pwince and Pwincess of Wales to him has not been less stwongly manifested. They are nevah happy unless he is at Marlborow House or at Sandwingham. I almost had a wow with Bertie Wales the othah day, soley on the young wascal's account.

Wales came to bweakfast with me in Gwosvenah Square one morning, and I allowed the boy to occupy a seat at the table. Aftah bweakfast the Pwince wished to take him out for a dwive, and to dwop into some of the clubs with him to exhibit him to the fellaws. I said that I weally could not permit it, as I nevah allowed the boy to go out in the morning without his nurse; neither did Mrs. Fitznoodle—and of course I could not expect the Pwince to take the nurse with him.

Wales seemed vexed, and wemarked that, considering the exceedingly fwendy relatiwes that had existed between us and our families faw so many ye-ahs, it was wathah wough on him not to gwant him this little pwivilege. I weplied that I was sorwy; but there was no deviation fwom my wule wegarding my offspwing. We parted somewhat coolly; but, to use an "Amercian expwession," I guess it has aw blown ovah, as we are invited to dine at Marlborow House on Fwiday night.

Anothah fellow who was absolutely empwachahed at seeing me again was Tennyson, the new barwon. He is a poet, ye know. I thought he would cwush my hands and dwag my arms fwom their sockets. I congwtulated him on his elevation to the peerwage.

"I don't care faw that, my boy," he said, in a curwiously touching mannah: "it is you I'm glad to see," and I waised my eyes and saw that a te-ah-dwop had fallen on the lappel of his fwock-coat. I thought I would twy to turn the curwent of conversation, and observed

that Amercians thought well of his poems. Maw, howevah, of this and othah mattahs in my next.

Aw I am just we minded by my wife that the beginning of a new ye-ah is at hand. I am sure I hope everwy Amercian will spend the perwid agweable aw.

Answers for the Anxious.

G. R.—Not quite.

I. R. G.—No. No. No. No.

CHARLES S.—No, thank you. But sail in and try it again.

ALECK ALEXIS.—You might have sent a coffin with your contribution. He was a nice, bright young fellow, that junior editor to whom we gave your article to read, and we had to pillow his fair young head upon the lap of earth entirely at our own expense. The postage-stamps you inclosed were of no use where he had to go. They would have melted.

OUIDA.—You have some ability; but there is a sort of a goody-goody, mother-I've-come-home-to-die Sunday-schoolishness about your style that would weary our readers. We like your story, "Bella—Six Dissolving Views in the Life of a Ballet-Girl," but can't you chuck a little spice into it—give it a touch of contemporaneous human interest—make the ballet-girl run away with a golden-haired marquis of fabulouss wealth? Couldn't you work in a blasé cynic of nineteen, and a dissolute roué of twenty? Of course we hate to ask a modest, shrinking young girl like you to do anything that would fetch the traditional blush of shame to your damask cheek; but do brace up, Ouidà, and have a little tra la la about you.

WINNIE.—Yes, dear, we'll read your manuscript, if you are really anxious that we should. But we know pretty well beforehand what that manuscript is. It is written on tinted note-paper, fastened together with pink ribbons, and the title neatly printed on the top, in fancy letters. It is not folded—it is inclosed in an envelope that would hold the map of Texas; and so it gets mistaken for a circular, and isn't read for about a week after it arrives at the office. Then the man who incautiously tackles it finds that it begins: "An experience of mine, which occurred to me while I was sojourning for a few months in the wilds of St. Lawrence County, may be sufficiently comical to amuse your readers, so I will relate it, with as little circumlocution as I may." But we'll read it, Winnie, of course, if you really are anxious about it.

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Edward A. Thomas has compiled, and Messrs. Porter & Coates have published a comprehensive "Dictionary of Biography." It is a very good book of its kind, an exceedingly good book; but while it has all about Philippe de Croi, Duke of Aarschot, it omits all reference to John Kelly and Dr. Mary Walker. Still those who consult the book should be thankful for small mercies. Half-a-column of the work is devoted to Louis Palma di Cesnola, in whose ear, it will be remembered, President Lincoln whispered that he might be a general if he had a mind to. For the remainder of this interesting story, read the records of the Feuardent-Cesnola trial.

The *Acta Columbiana* has issued a Christmas number, and it is about all that can be desired in the way of a Christmas number. It is full of bright bits of verse and lively and seasonable sketches, and its "ads" tell you where to get the best Phi Beta Kappa cigarettes and Upsilon Helter Skelter Belter mathematical instruments. The particular charm of this *Acta* is that it doesn't tell the old professional how to edit his paper.

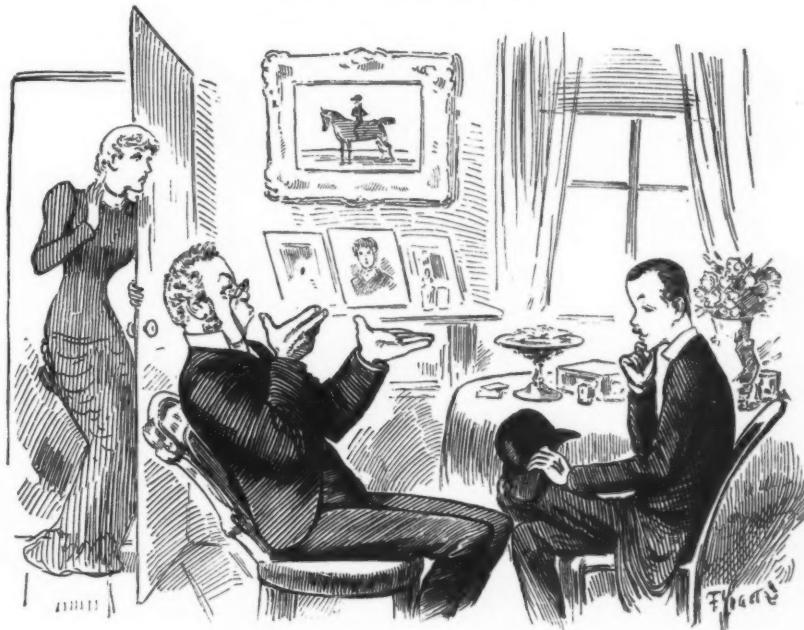
If there be any one who is interested in the opera houses, theatres, public halls, etc., throughout the country, and his name is Smith, he cannot do better than at once to equip himself with a copy of Jno. B. Jefferey's Guide and Directory, the sixth and revised edition. Chicago is the paradise whence this useful gem of literature hails from. The information afforded is wonderfully complete. A manager can find out from this book what the chances are of a snap Italian opera company having to foot it to New York from La Harpe or South Keokuk, when the imperfect civilization of the citizens has made them unwilling to pay five dollars a night for a parquet seat.

EPIGRAMS.

Why is my wife so precious in my sight?
Is it because her eyes are always bright,
And grace and modesty are in her air?
Neither, believe me, though she's very fair:
It is—come, see—the silver in her hair.

[From the French.]
Suppose I make a stroke of wit?
With learned brow remote Antiquity
Pretends before me to have uttered it.
A jesting damsel sure is she!
For had she not till after me appeared,
I should have said it first—my name would be revered.
C. C. M.

COMPLIMENTARY.



MARRIED MAN.—"Love don't last long after marriage."

SINGLE MAN.—"It should, for marriages are made in Heaven."

MARRIED MAN.—"Yes, but they come to maturity in the other place, after the ceremony."



THE SLAVE-MARKET
"Going-going-lower-lower"

UCK.



MARKET OF TO-DAY.
"lower—lower!"

IN WOE BEWAILED.

Silence, O winds of March
That under heaven's arch
Art moaning ceaselessly—
Away across the snow
Behold my lady go—
Away, away from me!

Perchance, O winter wind,
She may remain unkind,
While I my sorrow keep,
Though love should love beget—
And yet—and yet—and yet
This is not why I weep.

Not this—griefs may be borne,
Grief at her cruel scorn
At last to respite comes—
But it knocks the poetree
Completely out of me
Prints in the snow to see
Of number 'leven gums!

A. H. OAKES.

FREE LUNCH.

A GRASPING MAN—The Political Candidate.

THE CATTLE PLAGUE—The cow that opens the garden-gate with her horns, and proceeds to banquet on the geraniums and lettuce.

NO MATTER how mean a man may be, he will never go into ecstasies of wild, boundless delight when his tailor gives him extra good measure by making him a pair of trousers large enough to go yachting in.

AFTER-GLOWS,
O Minnie Mose,
Are those

Which some time afterward reddened like a rose
The tippler's nose.

THE BURLINGTON *Hawkeye* prints an article entitled: "The Trials of the Treasurer." We should say that the trials of the treasurer are all owing to the fact that justice is lax, and that if it were meted out properly in the majority of cases, the treasurer would be jailed on the first conviction.

CHARRON SAYS that when a man's fortune is at the lowest his wit is generally at its best. And we take great pleasure in offering to the world this item, which strikes us as being a reasonable and rational solution of the riddle of the circus-clown being paid seventy-five or a hundred dollars per week.

THE LITTLE FELLOW
Sickly feels,
No day-dream mellow
O'er him steals,
When the snow that's fallen
Will not pack;
For them with snow-ball
He cannot whack
The fleeting ped.,
And upon his head
Quick lay him, or upon his back,
Flat,
And spoil his shining beaver hat.

WHAT IS a green-grocer, Adela, what is a green-grocer? Is that what you want to know? Well, we would like to tell you very much, but really we are not quite sure; but, at the same time, we imagine a green-grocer is a man who isn't sharp enough to put water in his milk, or sand in his sugar, or peas in his coffee, or something of that kind. This is the reason, in all probability, that "green-grocer" is an obsolete term.

WE SEE a great many crush-hats at the theatres, but the hats that bother us most are the

ones that ought to be crushed, but which are not, and which, it seems, no amount of adverse criticism will succeed in crushing. A lady loves to have the world know that she has a fifty-dollar hat, and the only way to do is to have them sit in the theatre bare-headed. This would, no doubt, be a difficult thing to bring about, but the managers of the theatres could easily do it by lending each lady a large gold, diamond-studded hair-pin to wear during the performance.

WHY?

Why should the House of Representatives depute to the Speaker the work of appointing its committees? Why shouldn't the House itself elect them? It would be a more Democratic plan than the present.

Under the present system, the Speaker has altogether too much power. He can determine by the appointment of committees what the course of legislation shall be. He is a dictator instead of a presiding officer.

The above appeared in our esteemed contemporary the *Sun* of December 22nd. It is, of course, highly flattering to us, but our E. C. did not go far enough. While it was about it, it should have given the whole of our articles, which graced the pages of PUCK November 28th, December 5th and December 12th. On November 28th we said, referring to the Speakership:

"The periodical unseemly struggle is close at hand.... Why should the office of Speaker be degraded and prostituted for partisan purposes? The office of Speaker, as it exists at present, is a disgraceful and demoralizing anomaly."

Then, in PUCK of December 5th, this pearl of wisdom fell from our lips:

"The office ought to carry no more power with it than is possessed by the foreman of a jury."

December 12th we gave the world the benefit of this chunk of astuteness:

"The Speaker, as we have pointed out, except as an impartial presiding officer, ought to have no more influence over legislation than the humblest member of the House of Representatives. But the country, in its wisdom, seems to think that a Speaker should be an active partisan, and we do not suppose that any little protest of ours will alter the abominable system."

We are always glad to be of service to our esteemed contemporaries in supplying them with ideas, and there is none for which we have a higher regard than the *Sun* which shines for all.

THE AGE OF IMPROVEMENT.



The birch is not used at all in the Southern schools.—*Exchange*.

LETTERS OF INTRODUCTION.

If every man who writes a letter of introduction should accompany it with another expressing his real sentiments regarding the bearer, he would make some atonement for the fearful fibs that social customs force him to tell in such epistles. Very few persons have the nerve to refuse a letter to any acquaintance who asks for it, no matter how unworthy he may be, since no one wishes to make more enemies than he can help, and, moreover, the letter of introduction has almost acquired a place among conventional falsehoods like "Not at home." Therefore our suggestion should be considered as exemplified by the following:

THE LETTER.

Dr. Paulus Origen.

The bearer, Mr. Robinson, is a gentleman of great conversational powers and much attached to those who become his friends. The announcement of his departure excited much emotion in my breast, but what is my loss is your gain.

Most sincerely yours,

SALATHIEL SAWYER.

THE EXPLANATION.

Dear Paul:

This Robinson is the most insufferable bore that I ever met with in the whole course of my bore-infested existence. The only interesting thing he ever said to me was his request for a letter to you—which made it evident that he was going to leave, after having spent the greater part of the last six months in persecuting me. I could wish he had decided to go elsewhere than into your vicinity, but your loss is my gain, and I am too much exhausted by his recent call to have any sympathy left for others.

Yours, S. S.

ANOTHER LETTER AND EXPLANATION.

Messrs. Reichmarks & Co.:

The young man who will deliver this to you has been in our house three years, and we cheerfully certify to his honesty, integrity and good morals. If you have a vacancy you will find him competent to fill it.

Your obed't serv'ts,

GULDERS & FRANCS.

Gents:

We have certified to the only good qualities this youth possesses—and he wouldn't possess those if they required any active exertion. He is too lazy to tell a lie, plan a fraud or go on a spree, therefore we can guarantee him as above. It has been so much trouble for him to draw his salary that we have been steadily reducing it, so that he might draw it easier, until, it having been entirely withdrawn, he withdrew himself. However, he can fill a vacancy—the single thing he can fill—for he *does* occupy space; and we are glad that he is to occupy that space in some other office than ours.

Yrs, etc., G. & F.

ONE MORE.

Professor I. Calculus:

I have the pleasure of introducing Mr. Pericles Jones, a gentleman with whom I have been long well acquainted. I trust you will not lose sight of him during his stay, as he is much interested in abstract studies, which, I know, are favorites of yours.

Very truly yours,

SAMUEL SMITH.

Dear Prof.:

Yes, I do know Jones well—well enough to keep clear of him, and I advise you to do the same. Notice what I say about not losing sight of him, (while he is in the house, at least,) unless you wish to lose your spoons, for his abstractions are a little different from yours, although I suppose you would both call them kleptomania.

Yours, S.
MANLEY H. PIKE.

SONG TO CUPID.



WARY ELF CUPID, O dimpled, coy Cupid,
Are you lost in the moonbeams or hid in a rose?
Who saw you, so nimble, slip out of a thimble,
And hang from the loops of a lily-maid's bows?

Wee, spry little midget, the world's in a fidget
To snare and then coddle you, mischievous sprite;
Your pranks and mad gambols and primrose-path rambles
'Mid briars and brambles are all my delight.

In ivy-clad bower you nestle for hours,
And lurk in the flowers that swing in the breeze;
There counting the kisses—the "slippery blisses"—
Of Strephon and Phyllis in languorous ease.

We trifle and putter, our hearts in a flutter,
In a tangled skein spun by the toiletted fair,
The weary hours whiling, and dull care beguiling—
Lo! dimpled and smiling, you're loitering there!

O wary elf Cupid, O cunning, coy Cupid,
Are lovers all stupid, dear, rollicking boy?
While maidens are sighing, and love-knots are tying,
The snap of your bow-string bodes sorrow and joy!

HAROLD VAN SANTVOORD.

FILM'S FORETHOUGHT.

A TALE OF TWO TILES.

F forethought were a crime, Film ought to have been in the penitentiary. He was met one day by a friend coming out of a hat-store with a silk hat in each

hand. They were new hats in that they had never been worn, but their style was B. C.

"New hat?" queried friend.

"M-m," replied Film, pleasantly.

"What are you going to do with two?" pursued friend.

"Never you mind," said Film, smoothing down the nap of one.

"Style's all wrong, you know," advised his critic: "'Way off. Guess you've got stuck, haven't you?"

"That's all right," answered Film, with resentful brevity.

"What size do you wear, anyhow?" continued the other, examining the hats: "Because one of these is a six-and-a-quarter and the other is an eight. You can't wear 'em both, you know."

"That's all right," repeated the proprietor of the hats, coldly.

"Didn't pay full price for 'em, did you?"

"Yes."

"P'raps they have a historical value—relic of the late General Washington, and all that sort of thing. Eh?"

"Naw, they haven't," rejoined Film, with some show of temper.

"Well, what in thunder do you want 'em for?" inquired his friend.

"What do I want 'em for?" bawled Film, banging the hats together in a perfect frenzy of irritation: "Don't you suppose a feller ever thinks of anybody but himself? Haven't you any idea of a chap's lookin' out for his family?"

"But you haven't got any family!" objected the other.

"Oh, haven't I?" roared Film: "P'raps I ain't going to keep the toll-gate on the plank-road, neither?"

"Well, I suppose you will if you get the appointment. But I don't see what that has to do with those hats."

"Oh, you don't! I never saw such a chap as you are. If I'm elected toll-gate keeper I'm goin' out there to live, ain't I?"

"Why, yes—"

"Well, there's a good deal of drivin' on that road, ain't there? And some day, just as likely as not, a beautiful female may come drivin' along, and just as she gets opposite my place her hoss may take it into his head to run away. Such things ain't impossible, I b'lieve."

"Oh, no."

"Oh, they ain't! Well, then—s'posin' I should run out, at the risk of my own life, and trip up them fiery untamed steeds, she wouldn't be likely to climb down out o' that buggy, and fall on my neck, and cry, and call me her preserver, nor nothin', I s'pose? P'raps I never read about such things in books."

"Oh, of course."

"Ah! I have, have I? P'raps she wouldn't ask me up to the house, and p'raps her old man wouldn't call me his son, and she wouldn't cast down her eyes and blush, modest-like. Oh, no! And do you think I'm such a dummed fool that I don't know what that means?"

"Of course not; but what has that to do with those hats?"

"What? Why, she loves me, don't she? And the old man says: 'Bless you, my children, bless you,' don't he? And we get married, don't we? Well, I should smile. And what then? Why, children, of course. Now d'ye see?" he bawled, irritably.

"No."

"You make me tired. Why, see here. I've got children, haven't I? —two or three of 'em. Well, there are such things as twins, I b'lieve. There's no law against my havin' twins, I think; they don't hang a man for havin' twins in this part of the country, do they? No. And if one man can have twins, so can another—I can have twins if I want to, and, by George, I will!"

"Well?"

"What! you don't catch on yet? Why, man alive, I've got twins, haven't I? And in course of time they'll grow up, won't they?—grow up to be men and need plug-hats. Well, here are the hats all ready for them. Do you tumble now?"



"Ye—es; but—"

"Now, the same style in plug-hats comes around again every seven years. I got this straight from the hatter. These hats are four years old. I shall be elected next fall, and married, probably, the following year. That's five years. Now, my boys will need those hats when they are sixteen, won't they? Well, sixteen and five make twenty-one, don't they? and seven goes in twenty-one three times, don't it? You see the style will be all right."

"But the size—"

"Well, I'm surprised that a man like you should ask such a question! Look-a-here. There has been such a thing, I s'pose, as a number eight head. They may be rare; but still there are such things. Well, now, if one of my boys should have a number eight head, what is more natural than that his twin-brother should have a six-and-a-quarter head, thus making an average of seven and one-eighth—my own size? Commonest thing in the world with twins—law of compensation, you know. I hope you grasp my idea now—'a stitch in time saves nine,' and all that sort of thing."

And he added, as his friend walked thoughtfully away:

"I never did see such a man as that. He don't seem to have any more idea of lookin' ahead and takin' thought for the morrow than nothin' at all."

F. E. CHASE.

THE STAGE AT SEA.

Anticipated Localettes of Our Rural Contemporaries.

Opera-bouffe on the canal to-night.

A new bowsprit is being put on the Lyceum Theatre.

The Snowflake Minstrels were delayed by a head-wind, and did not reach here in time for a performance.

The three-masted theatre, Count Johannes, anchored at the dock this noon, and will open to-night with "Hamlet."

Owing to the large size of the audiences at the Amanda and Jane, an extra gallery has been rigged up among the top-masts.

The Mary Ann Theatre sprung a-leak in the first act last night. The audience left the parquette in boats. It was two o'clock before the gallery was taken off.

While laughing at a minstrel-joke, last night, our esteemed fellow-townsman, Mr. George McNickle, fell overboard. A scene was thrown to him. With difficulty he was rescued.

A policeman has been stationed in the mizzen-mast of the Sally Johnson to keep order. It is hoped that the actors on the stage will no longer be disturbed by cat-calls from the students.

A theatre drawing eight feet of water will be in Podunk next week. All the good theatres have hitherto given this town the go-by. We have had enough of theatres which draw only four inches of water.

"The Pirates of Penzance" weighed anchor yesterday morning. They carried off \$8,000. Manager De Smythe says they have picked up \$100,000 on the Sound this season. They will cruise on the Hudson till ice sets in.

The play of "Pygmalion and Galatea" was interrupted in the second act last night. The prompter had fallen out of one of the port-holes. He swam ashore on Frog Point. A new prompter was got and the play went on.

An audience, which filled the Sarah and Mary from coal bunker to top-mast, assembled last night to see Bartley Campbell's new play, "The Black and Blue Slave." It is a good play. Every one should see it. Order your skiff at ten.

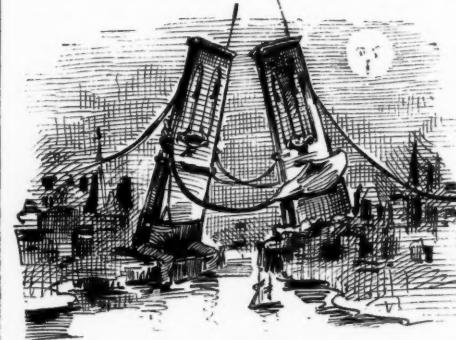
An interesting case is trying in the courts. Can the refusal of an actor of a "floating theatre" to play be construed as mutiny? It is notorious that several prime-donne have recently been kept on bread and water and a cracker a day for refusing to sing.

The Narragansett, of the Fall River Line, sank a boat in the fog this morning supposed to be the Pat Rooney Combination.—LATER.—Pat Rooney is safe. Fritz Emmet, billed in several towns, has failed to appear. Many fear the old advocate of abstinence has got too much water at last.

The fishing-smack Lucy reports the Bijou Comic Opera Company ashore on Little Seagull Island. The masts of the opera-house went by the board at one o'clock in the morning. The actors burned red-lights for two hours. At three o'clock they took to the flies and the wings. Ten people floated ashore in a

proscenium-box. Five persons were saved in the long boat, and eight on the bass-viol. The soprano drifted to land on a sky-border. The leader of the orchestra was picked up floating on the bass-drum. The manager came ashore on the music-score. The company have been on the Island three weeks, but have regularly drawn their salaries.

MATTER FOR CONGRATULATION.



NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN MAY NOW SHAKE HANDS OVER THEIR INDIFFERENCE TO THE OLD-TIME BUGBEAR OF "ICE IN THE RIVER."

THE FOX AND THE HEN.

[A Fable with Many Morals.]

"How big a brood shall you have this year, madam?" said the Fox to the Hen, one cold winter evening in the barn-yard.

"What's that to you?" said the Hen to the Fox.

"Supper!" replied the Fox, promptly.

"Well, I don't know," said the Hen, in reply: "I may have ten; but I never count my chickens before they are hatched."

"Quite right," said the Fox: "neither do I; and, as a hen in the present is worth ten chickens in the future, I will eat you now."

So saying, he carried her off.

The next morning the farmer, seeing the tracks of the fox in the snow, took his gun and went out and shot him.

"Alas!" said the Fox: "I should have waited for the ten chickens; there is no snow in summer-time."—*Royal and Barr Hill, in St. Nicholas.*

CREDIT NOT GOOD.

"I suppose," remarked the tramp, as he helped himself to a pickle at the lunch-table: "I suppose if President Arthur came in here and said: 'Johnny, let's have a glass of beer, and hang it on the slate like a good fellow,' you would let him have the stuff, wouldn't you?"

"Of course I would," replied the bar-keeper, with a wide smile: "Why wouldn't I?"

"And yet President Arthur is nearly two thousand million dollars in debt," continued the tramp: "at least the Government is, and you would have to wait until that was paid before you could get your nickel."

"Is it so?" asked the bar-keeper, rather staggered by the figures.

"You bet! And I suppose if Queen Victoria walked in and said: 'Ho, Johnny, let's have a glass o' 'arf-an'-arf, hand Hi'll tell me Lud o' the Buttonbag to settle when 'e gets the spuds,' you'd spunk the wine up with your own fair hand, wouldn't you?"

"I surely would," returned the bar-keeper.

"And yet Queen Victoria is in debt nearly three thousand million—or her Government is, and you would get that five cents about the middle of the next century."

"As much as that?" demanded the bar-keeper, in astonishment.

"Then the Emperor of Germany, if he should alight from his special horse-car in front of your door, and say, 'Mein Gott, Chonny, give me a schocken of schnapps, und I will bay for dot when I sold mein dog,' you wouldn't hesitate a minute, would you?"

"I suppose not," said the bar-keeper, rather startled by the information concerning the other potentates.

"And yet the same Emperor is in debt over one hundred and ten million," continued the tramp, solemnly.

"I don't believe it!" exclaimed the bar-keeper.

"It's a fact," persisted the tramp: "And the Czar of Russia, suppose he should come limping in with some friends, and say, 'Hi, Johnnivitch, put the moujik on ice and let the bill stand over till Christovitchmas,' you wouldn't wait to come around from behind, but would waltz right over the bar, wouldn't you?"

"I don't know," replied the bar-keeper, cautiously.

"He owes two thousand millions," answered the tramp.

"Do them people owe it for bar-bills?" inquired the bar-keeper, with a shudder.

"Most of it," responded the tramp: "But I don't owe any man on earth a cent; and yet I don't suppose you would trust me for a glass of beer to save my life, would you?"

"No, sir!" shouted the bar-keeper: "I would n't trust you for another free pickle. We liquor-dealers are already out seven thousand millions on the crowned heads, and I ain't going to give five cents more on a man that hasn't got even a brim to his hat. Put that pickle back in the bowl, or I'll stop up the rat-holes with you!"

And the tramp went off to work the racket somewhere else, while the bar-keeper figured up his share of the losses on the crowned heads, and tacked something to the bills of his known to be paying debtors.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

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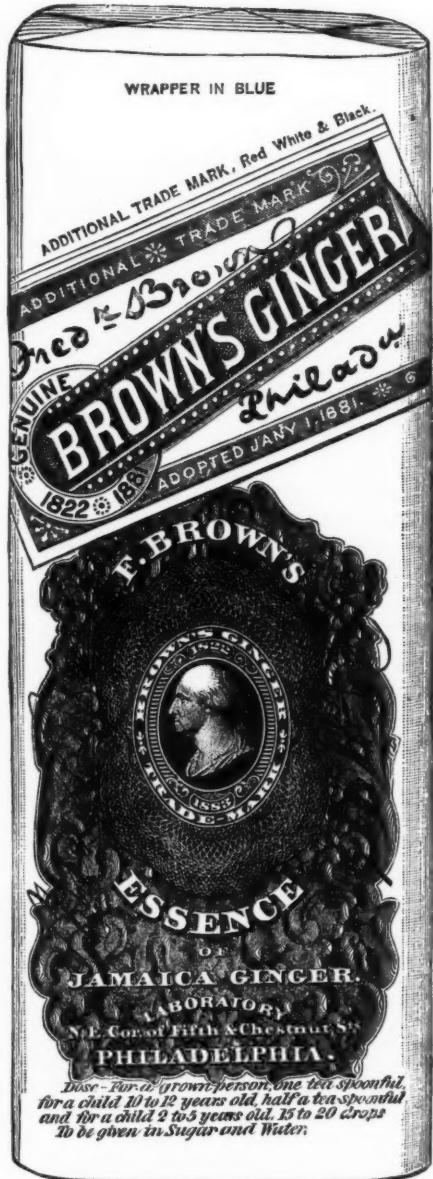
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My father bought an undershirt,
Of bright and flaming red—
“All wool, I’m ready to assert,
Fleece-dyed,” the merchant said.
“Your size is thirty-eight, I think;
A forty you should get,
Since all-wool goods are bound to shrink
A trifle when they’re wet.

That shirt two weeks my father wore—
Two washings, that was all—
From forty down to thirty-four
It shrank like leaf in fall.
I wore it then a day or two,
But when’t was washed again
My wife said, “Now’t will only do
For little brother Ben.”

A fortnight Ben squeezed into it,
At last he said it hurt.
We put it on our babe—the fit
Was good as any shirt.
We ne’er will wash it more while yet
We see its flickering light,
For if again that shirt is wet
’T will vanish from our sight.

—Eugene Field, in *Chicago News*.

A COBBLER’s sign in a neighboring town bore the announcement: “Shoes half sold seventy-five cents.” A passing drummer, observing the omission of the “e” in soled, stepped in and thus addressed the artisan:

“You advertise shoes half sold here?”
“Yes, sir.”

“Well, I would like to understand what you mean; whether you sell half of a shoe or half of a pair for seventy-five cents, or whether you have a lot half sold or have a lot half of which you want to sell. It’s the most ambiguous advertisement I ever saw.”

The cobbler scratched his head and looked up over his spectacles in surprise at the drummer. After a pause he asked:

“Can’t you understand by the sign that I put half-soles on shoes for seventy-five cents?”

“No, sir,” replied the drummer: “I can’t understand any such thing from your sign. You have left an ‘e’ out of the word ‘soled,’ and as it stands now it means to sell, or already sold.”

The cobbler smote his hand upon his knee, and said:

“By jinks! I thought that word ‘sold’ didn’t look just right. I thought it wanted an ‘e.’ Thank you, sir, for calling my attention to it.”

After the drummer’s departure the cobbler went outside with a brush and added an ‘e’ to the word, making it “solde.”—*Somerville Journal*.

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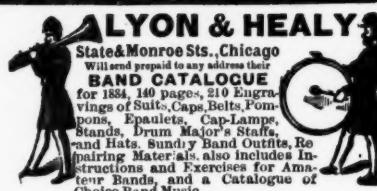
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SPENCERIAN STEEL PENS.

FROM INDIANAPOLIS.

Mr. Ed Gall entertained the Bon Ton Club at his home on Friday night.

Miss Virginia Johnston, of North Meridian Street, entertained a number of her special friends last evening.

Miss Sarah Noble, familiarly known to her many friends as "Dutch," left the city on Friday night for New York, where she will spend the winter.

Miss Osceola Pressel entertained a number of friends with an oyster supper on Wednesday evening. The occasion was in honor of her birthday, and was highly enjoyed by all.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Brown and daughter left last night for Chicago, which city will be their future home. Both Mr. and Mrs. Brown have made many friends during their stay in Indianapolis, all of whom regret their departure.

The Hoosier Whist Club did not hold their regular weekly meeting last Wednesday, but instead gave a surprise party masquerade to Miss Agnes Fletcher, at the Insane Hospital. The gentlemen and ladies all wore elegant "Kate Greenaway" costumes, and, by their jaunty appearance, it seemed as if "ye olden times" had come again. Cameron's Orchestra furnished the music, and at one o'clock supper was served in the beautifully decorated dining-rooms.—*Indianapolis Times*.

THE nesting season, in which Presidents write messages, being over, Arthur is preparing to attend banquets all over New York and New England. A setting hen never eats anything, and a President, for fourteen days before a message is hatched out, is in about the same fix. And as a hen never knows whether she is going to hatch out ducks or chickens, neither does a President know whether his message is going to be one thing or another until it is published. This year neither the President nor anybody else knows how the message stands on any subject.—*Pick's Sun*.

IT is gratifying to learn that Prince Bismarck's health is improving. We have noticed, by-the-way, that whenever the French Republic begins to exhibit symptoms of rantankerousness and frivolity, the German premier braces up and reports himself in better physical condition than ever before. It is only when the French are busy with internal dissensions and a crisis of some kind or other that Bismarck abandons himself to the luxury of delicate health.—*Chicago News*.

INQUIRER: An independent is a man who has been snubbed by both parties and is mad.—*Boston Post*.

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A STIRRING SPEECH—"Pass me a spoon."—*Boston Commercial.*

AN Indiana family that uses black tea because they are in mourning, are probably as sincere mourners as though they wore crape on their hats.—*Peck's Sun.*

THERE are said to be 11,000 one-legged men in the United States. One-legged men form the most peaceful and submissive element of our population. They never kick.—*Boston Globe.*

IN the dim and distant future some antiquarian will come across a Saratoga trunk, and excitedly exclaim:

"Yes, it is true; they had giants in those days. Here is one of their houses!"—*Philadelphia Call.*

LORD TENNYSON, in his \$1,000 spring poem, says: "The blackbirds have their wills; the poets, too." If "wills" is not a misprint for "bills," it is strange. Poets, with a few exceptions, have more of the latter than they can liquidate.—*Norristown Herald.*

A PERSONAL item states that "Queen Victoria is passionately fond of baked apples." Now, if it had said "baked beans," Boston would have put on more airs than a brass band, and declined to associate with an outside American any lower in the social scale than a champion slugger.—*Norristown Herald.*

A MEDICAL journal asks: "Is the resection of the carcinomatous pylorus a justifiable operation?" It is not, under any circumstances. People who have resected the carcinomatous pylorus have lived to regret it the longest day they lived. Roll it in Indian meal and fry it, and it is a perfectly justifiable operation, and boarders don't kick half as much.—*Peck's Sun.*

"I suppose you often want something to fill up your paper with?" said a man, coming into a country newspaper office with a four-column communication on a patent, duplex, double-back-action harrow of his own invention.

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